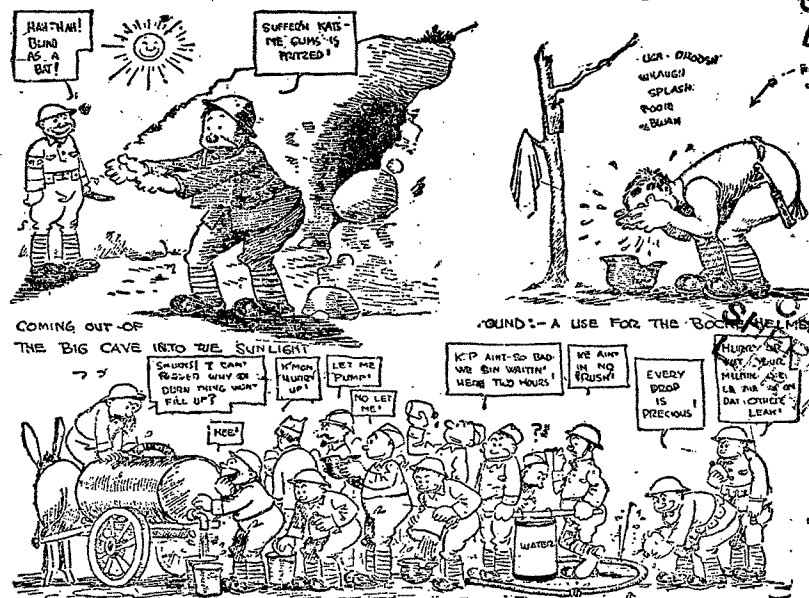


SNAPPED AT JUVIGNY



SCENE AT THE DIVISION HUMP—THE ONLY WATER IN THE AREA

SHERMAN



ONE OF THE MOST POPULAR GAMES IN THE AREA—GETTING LOST IN THE BIG CAVE

—By WALLGREN

HELPFUL HINTS.

HOW TO ACQUIRE A BOHE HELMET.

WELL, IF YOU ARE A CHIVARIAN OF A KIND, YOU MUST BE A HAT MAN! GIMME THAT HAT!



THEY ARE FOUND GROWING DEXTEROUSLY ON THE HINDENBERG LINE IN THE DIRECTION OF BERLIN. ASK THE BOY, WHICH IS DIRECTLY BEHIND THE HELMET! IN FRENCH, IF HE IS A GERMANY. IF IT REPLIES IN THE VULGAR DIALECT YOU WIN A SOUVENIR HAT. INVITE THE OCCUPANT TO VISIT YOUR GARDEN FOR THE DURATION OF THE WAR, AND PLAY HIM PINOCCHIO FOR HIS HAT CHECK.

ALLOTMENT WORRIES TO BE INVESTIGATED

C.O.'s Will Collect Duplicates If Men Report Difficulty

FAULTY ADDRESSES HELP

War Risk Bureau Gives Them as Reason for Return of Thousands of Checks

In an effort to secure prompt payments of all War Risk allotments and allowances, members of the A.E.F. who have received complaints from allottees of the non-payment or slow payment of allowances due are asked to execute duplicates of Form 1-B, giving all the facts. For this purpose, it is explained in G.A. 137, detachment and various other commanders are instructed to assist soldiers in the procedure to be followed in making out the duplicates. They will also examine the service records of the men making complaints and supplement in every way possible the information required on Form 1-B.

In the case of troops in the line, the requirements specified will be executed as soon as they reach a rest area; for other troops they will be executed on receipt of the G.O.

Incorrect Addresses Aid Delay

The Bureau of War Risk Insurance at Washington, D.C., recently received many thousands of allotment and allowance checks mailed to dependents of soldiers had been returned because of incorrect address, which does its bit in delaying payments. In case the allottee changes his or her address, the Bureau to be addressed at the Treasury Department, Washington, D.C., should at once be notified by the allottee, who is requested to give both old and new addresses.

Officers who execute the duplicates for members of the A.E.F. will prepare reports addressed to the Chief of the War Risk Section, Hqs. S.O.S., stating that they have interviewed the enlisted personnel of their organizations and that there were no complaints "except as follows." The names only of the men who reported difficulty with their allotments will then be listed.

To Watch Recent Amendment

In addition to learning the number of complaints in their units, officers will also see that the War Risk act amendment which became effective July 1 is being adhered to and explain it if necessary. This amendment, which was outlined in detail in this newspaper in the issue of July 11, fixes the computation of allotment at \$15 a month and stipulates other changes in the working of the act. G.O. 137 is to be read to all A.E.F. organizations at the first assembly after its receipt.

Members of the A.E.F. who wish to inquire regarding allotment, allowances or insurance are asked to communicate with the War Risk Section, Hqs. S.O.S., A.P.O. 717, direct, without going through the usual military channels. It is asked, however, that separate letters be sent if a soldier seeks information on both questions.

G.H.Q. VISITORS MUST HAVE REAL BUSINESS

Unbidden Guests Will Also Steer Clear of S.O.S. Capital

Officers who wish to visit G.H.Q. or Headquarters, S.O.S., must have the best of military reasons for the visit. They will be allowed in either place only on official business and by appointment previously made, according to G.O. 140. Requests for appointments are to be made by wire or mail through the Information Officer at the place it is desired to visit. The request will state the subject to be discussed, the official with whom it is desired to confer and the length of time sought for the conference. C.O.'s are asked to grant subordinate permissions to visit either of these two places only when it is necessary to keep an appointment made as stated. Chiefs of services and their assistants may visit their deputies at G.H.Q. or Hqs. S.O.S. on official business without previous appointment. Officers visiting either headquarters will register at the office of the Adjutant General, showing date of arrival, date of expected departure, and authority for visit.

JUVIGNY AND OTHER HIGH SPOTS ALONG THE FIGHTING FRONT

Among the prisoners who have fallen to the Americans lately was a youth who had lived in the United States, who was a brother in New York and a sister in South Dakota. He had been sent to the school in Germany about the time the war started and he was impressed into the army two years ago. When he found himself opposite the Americans he surrendered. He was in a cave with 40 other Germans and he persuaded them to come out.

"The best thing you can do is give up," he told them. "These guys opposite you are fighters—they'll get you." When this had come before an examining officer with a long string of prisoners to be listed he announced that he could talk English.

"Can you say, 'To hell with the Kaiser'?" asked the officer. "Sure," said the prisoner. "To hell with the Kaiser."

The old tin Kelly, heavy and uncomfortable as it may be, has justified itself in the line during the last few months. Hardly a field hospital in the whole American Army which cannot cite instances where the helmet has saved lives.

A soldier was brought into a field dressing station with a crease in the brim of his helmet directly over his nose. He had been struck by a machine gun bullet, evidently fired from a tree. The steel derby had turned the missile, and although it put the wearer to sleep for half an hour, it left no permanent injuries.

An hour later another soldier came in with a similar crease in the brim of his helmet almost in the same place. It was shrapnel this time, and it had been turned just as effectively, the fragment claiming only a little skin and flesh from the tip of the wearer's nose which, the doctor opined, would grow again.

In one action a soldier got a machine gun bullet through the arm. As he was walking to the rear, a shell burst near him. As he was going back in an ambulance a second shell overturned the vehicle and he sustained more hurts. He was still able to be up and about at the dressing station, however, and was patched from one end to the other.

"There, now," said the doctor, finishing his seventh bandage. "Is that all?" "I believe it is," said the soldier, as he ambled off the dressing table.

In about ten minutes he came back. "Say," he said, "there's another one in my shoulder I didn't find until just now."

Somewhere, rumbling about in the German soldier's think box, is the idea that the American soldiers are a species of wild Indian fighter that kills, tortures, or at least abuses his prisoners. Sometimes it amounts to belief and sometimes it is only a suspicion, but there can be no doubt that the notion has been more or less systematically passed out through the German army.

It was only coincidence that 50 captured Boches, before being taken further on their journey to the S.O.S., were lined up recently in front of some newly dug graves. The Boches didn't know it. They thought they were going to be shot and shoved in the holes, and the Kaiser, if he could have witnessed it, would undoubtedly have been deeply pained at the pesty expression which came over the countenances of this bunch of his would-be world beaters in the face of their imagined end.

One German soldier, quaking in terror, held out an iron cross and a pocket-book full of pfennigs as the price of his life and made an impassioned, if somewhat excited, plea on behalf of his wife and family.

On another occasion a couple of dozen prisoners were quartered for the night in a cave used as an American P.C. As they were out of the gas danger zone, their masks were taken from them.

The next morning a dozen American soldiers missed their gas masks on awaking, and these were later found in possession of a dozen Germans. Evidently, the Germans suspected they were put in the cave and relieved of their masks to be gassed and, in some unexplained manner, annexed the American masks to be on the safe side.

Every day, when new doughboys go marching by a certain crossing-place of the Marne, east of Chateau-Thierry, there is somebody who points a hand toward the water, and says:

"The river bottom there is a German graveyard. Hundreds of German soldiers marched up to that farthest bank and were shattered by Yankee machine guns and rifles firing from the top of this embankment here."

"German engineers, in the face of that fire, threw down a 60-foot pontoon bridge, but their infantrymen were swept from the planks before they reached mid-stream."

toward the German bridge. The Germans boarded the barge as it neared the bridge and began stamping the burning barrel straw.

German officers and non-coms have frequently been detailed to line up prisoner detachments and, under the chaporname of M.P.'s, march them to the rear. An incident which happened when one Boche non-com was instructed to form his company caused one sage American private to declare that a sergeant is a sergeant no matter what army he is in.

The German sergeant gave the command to fall in, and most of the prisoners obeyed with a clicking of heels that is the pride of the German army. One Boche was late, however, and brought forth audible expression of the non-com's wrath which, when translated, means about this:

"What are you doing there, you bone-headed recruit? Come to attention! What are you trying to do, spoil our reputation before these Americans?"

An ambulance drew up at one of the advanced dressing stations at Juvigny during the Americans' advance in front of that town to receive its load of wounded.

An American private, his head bandaged in many wraps of white gauze, stood by waiting his turn to climb aboard.

"Come on," said the sergeant in charge of the ambulance work, "climb on and let's go before that big baby gets our range."

The wounded man hesitated. "What for do I have to get on there?" he demanded.

"Well, ain't you wounded?" The private shook his head. "I ain't hurt bad."

"Well, what you doin' with all that bandage on your dome if you ain't wounded?"

"Wounded—hell!" he exploded. "That's all it is—bandages."

That's all—plain bandage. The wound was slight—a shrapnel gash in his forehead. Still, he had been unconscious for two hours in a shell hole.

An American lieutenant was found unconscious in a shell hole by a brother officer. The latter started to the rear with his charge, but while en route received eight machine gun bullet wounds. He, too, dropped, unconscious.

An hour later the first officer came to, saw the wounded officer to the rear, went back and took over his command.

An American private had right leg shattered at Juvigny by an exploding shell.

For three hours he lay in the shell hole waiting for help. None came. An hour later he presented himself to the medical officer in charge of the dressing station at the regimental P.C. He had come all the way on one leg and a stick that he used as a crutch.

A machine gun nest was holding up the advance of one lieutenant's company in front of Juvigny.

Crawling up unobserved to within a few yards of the emplacement, the lieutenant covered the crew of five men with his automatic.

On discovering that they had been outdone, the Germans threw up their hands and shouted "Kamerad!"

The lieutenant lowered his pistol and started forward to collect his prisoners. The German manning the machine gun took advantage of this act and shot him twice in the left shoulder. From where he fell, the lieutenant killed three of the Germans with his automatic.

Then one of the remaining Germans in the pit shot his comrade who had fired upon the American officer, saying afterward that he did so because the American had spared their lives and that he had done a just act.

"Poor old Boche!" That was the battle-cry of the Americans as they went forward at Juvigny.

A Prussian officer was being questioned at a regimental headquarters just back of Juvigny.

"Wouldn't your men rather surrender than undergo another barrage like the one we just put over?" the American officer asked.

"Never," was the answer. "My men will not surrender to the Americans."

Just then five M.P.'s came in with nearly a hundred German prisoners.

They were "my men."

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